SAINT

Peters com-

playnt.

VVith other Poems.

AT LONDON.
Printed by I. R. for G. C.
1597.

THE AVTHOR TO HIS LOVING Cosin.

Poets by abusing theyr talent, and making the follies and faynings of loue, the customarie subiect of theyr base endeuors, haue so discredited this faculty, that a Poet, a louer, and a lyar, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanitie of men, cannot counterpoise the authority of GOD, who deliuering many parts of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing vs to exercise our deuotion in Himnes and spirituall Sonnets, warranteth the Art to bee good, and the vse allowable. And therefore not onely among the Heathen, whose Gods were chiefely canonized by their Poets, and theyr Paynim Diuinitie Oracled in verse: but euen in the old & New Testament it hath been vsed by men of greatest Pietie, in matters of most deuotion. Christ himselfe by making a Himne, the conclusion of his last Supper, and the Prologue to the first Pageant of his Passion, gaue his Spouse a methode to immitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a patterne to know the true vse of this measured and footed stile. But the deuill as he affecteth Deitie, and seeketh to haue all the complements of Diuine honour applied to his seruice, so hath hee among the rest possessed also most Poets with his idle fansies. For in lieu of solemne and deuout matter, to which in dutie they owe their abilities, they nowe busie themselues in expressing such passions, as onely serue for testimonies to how vnworthy affections they haue wedded

theyr wils. And because the best course to let them see the errour of theyr workes, is to weaue a newe webbe in theyr owne loome, I haue heere layde a few course threds together, to inuite some skilfuller wits to goe forwarde in the same, or to beginne some finer peece: wherein it may bee seene howe well verse and vertue sute together. Blame mee not (good Cosin) though I send you a blame-worthy present, in which the most that can commende it, is the good-will of the VVriter, neyther Art nor inuention giuing it any credite. If in mee this bee a fault, you cannot be faultlesse that did importune me to commit it, and therefore you must beare part of the pennaunce, when it shall please sharpe censurers to impose it. In the meane time,

With many good wishes I send you these fewe ditties, adde you the tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you, be still a part in all your Musicke.

R. S. of the Society of Iesus.

THE

The Authour to the *Reader.*

DEare eye that dooſt peruſe my Muſes ſtile,
VVith eaſie cenſure deeme of my delight:
Giue ſobreſt countnance leaue ſomtime to ſmile,
And graueſt wits to take a breathing flight;
Of myrth to make a trade, may bee a crime,
But tyred ſpirits for mirth muſt haue a time.

The loftie Eagle ſoares not ſtill aboue,
High flights will force her from the wing to ſtoupe,
And ſtudious thoughts at times men muſt remoue,
Leaſt by exceſſe before theyr time they droupe.
In courſer ſtudies tis a ſweet repoſe,
VVith Poets pleaſing vaine to temper proſe.

Prophane conceits and fayning fits I flye,
Such lawleſſe ſtuffe doth lawleſſe ſpeeches fit:
VVith *Dauid* verſe to vertue I apply,
VVhoſe meaſure beſt with meaſured words doth fit:
It is the ſweeteſt note that man can ſing,
VVhen grace in vertues key tunes natures ſtring.

THE AVTHOR TO THE READER.

DEare eye that dayneſt to let fall a looke,
On theſe ſad memories of PETERS *plaints:*
Muſe not to ſee ſome mudde in cleereſt Brooke,
They once were brittle mould that nowe are Saints.
Theyr weakeneſſe is no warrant to offend,
Learne by theyr faults, what in thine owne to mend.

If Equities euen-hand the ballance held,
VVhere PETERS *ſinnes & ours were made the weights:*
Ounce for his dramme, pound for his ounce wee yeeld,
His ſhip would groane to ſeele ſome ſinners freights.
So ripe is vice, ſo greene is vertues bud:
The world dooth waxe in ill, but waine in good.

This makes my mourning Muſe reſolue in teares,
This theames my heauie penne to plaine in proſe,
CHRISTS *thorne is ſharpe, no head his Garland weares:*
Still fineſt wits are ſtilling VENVS *Roſe,*
In Paynim toyes the ſweeteſt vaines are ſpent,
To Chriſtian workes, fewe haue their tallents lent.

Lycence my ſingle penne to ſeeke a pheere,
You heauenly ſparks of wit, ſhewe natiue light:
Cloude not with miſtie loues your Orient cleere,
Sweet flights you ſhoote, learne once to leuell right.
Fauour my wiſh, well-wiſhing workes no ill,
I moone the Sute, the Graunt reſts in your will.

SAINT

SAINT PETERS
Complaint.

LAunch forth my ſoule into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with griefe, the traffick of thy mind:
Torne ſailes will ſerue, thoughts rent with guiltie fears:
Giue care the ſterne, vſe ſighes in lieu of wind:
Remorſe, thy Pilot: thy miſdeede, thy Carde:
Torment thy Hauen, ſhipwrack thy beſt reward.

Shun not the ſhelfe of moſt deſerued ſhame:
Sticke in the ſands of agonizing dread:
Content thee to be ſtormes and billowes game:
Diuorc'd from grace thy ſoule to pennance wed:
Fly not from forreine euils, fly from thy hart:
VVorſe then the worſt of euills is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy breſt,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudie eyes:
VVhere ſinne was hatch'd, let teares now waſh the neſt,
VVhere life was loſt, recouer life with cryes.
Thy treſpaſſe foule, let not thy teares be few:
Baptize thy ſpotted ſoule in weeping dew.

Fly mournfull plaints, the Ecchoes of my ruth;
VVhose screeches in my freighted conscience ring:
Sob out my sorrowes, fruites of mine vntruth:
Report the smart of sinnes infernall sting.
Tell harts that languish in the sorriest plight,
There is on earth a farre more sorry wight.

A sorry wight, the obiect of disgrace,
The monument of feare, the map of shame,
The mirrour of mishap, the staine of place,
The scorne of time, the infamy of fame:
An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull,
Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

Ambitious heads, dreame you of Fortunes pride:
Fill volumes with your forged Goddesse prayse,
You fancies drudges, plung'd in follies tide:
Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:
Be you, ô sharpest griefes that euer wrung,
Text to my thoughts, Theame to my playning tung.

Sad subiect of my sinne hath stoard my minde,
VVith euerlasting matter of complaint:
My threnes an endlesse Alphabet doe finde,
Beyond the pangs which *Ieremie* doth paint.
That eyes with errors may iust measure keepe,
Most teares I wish that haue most cause to weepe.

All

All weeping eyes resigne your teares to me:
A sea will scantly rince my ordur'de soule:
Huge horrours in high tides must drowned be,
Of euery teare my crime exacteth tole.
These staines are deepe: few drops, take out no such:
Euen salue with sore: and most, is not too much.

I fear'd with life, to die; by death to liue:
I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.
To breath in blisse, I fear'd my breath to giue:
I fear'd for heauenly raigne, an earthly rod.
These feares I fear'd, feares feeling no mishaps:
O fond, ô faint, ô false, ô faultie laps.

How can I liue, that thus my life deni'de:
VVhat can I hope, that lost my hope in feare?
VVhat trust to one, that truth it selfe defi'de?
VVhat good in him, that did his God forsweare?
O sinne, of sinnes, of euils, the very worst:
O matchlesse wretch: ô catiffe most accurst.

Vaine in my vaunts, I vowd if friends had fail'd
Alone *Christs* hardest fortunes to abide:
Giant in talke, like dwarfe, in triall quaild:
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such distance is betweene high words and deeds:
In proofe the greatest vaunter seldome speeds.

Ah raſhnes haſtie riſe to murdering leape,
Lauiſh in vowing, blind, in ſeeing what:
Soone ſowing ſhames, that long remorſe muſt reape:
Nurcing with teares, that ouer-ſight begat;
Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,
Treaſon to wiſedome, mother of ill name.

Iohn, 9. The borne-blind begger, for receiued ſight,
Faſt in his faith and loue, to *Chriſt* remain'd,
Hee ſtouped to no feare, he fear'd no might:
No change his choice: no threats his truth diſtain'd.
One wonder wrought him in his dutie ſure:
I, after thouſands did my Lord abiure.

Could ſeruile feare of rendring natures due,
VVhich growth in yeares was ſhortly like to claime,
So thrall my loue, that I ſhould thus eſchue
A vowed death, and miſſe ſo faire an ayme?
Die, die, diſloyall wretch, thy life deteſt:
For ſauing thine, thou haſt forſworne the beſt.

Ah life, ſweet drop, drownd in a ſea of ſowers,
A flying good, poſting to doubtfull end,
Still looſing months and yeares to gaine new howers:
Faine, time to haue, and ſpare, yet forſt to ſpend;
Thy growth, decreaſe, a moment, all thou haſt:
That gone, ere knowne: the reſt: to come, or paſt.

Ah

Ah life, the maze of countleſſe ſtraying waies,
Open to erring ſteps, and ſtrow'd with baits,
To winde weake ſences into endleſſe ſtrayes,
A loofe from vertues rough vnbeaten ſtraights;
A flower, a play, a blaſt, a ſhade, a dreame,
A liuing death, a neuer turning ſtreame.

And could I rate ſo high a life ſo baſe?
Did feare with loue caſt ſo vneuen account,
That for this goale I ſhould runne Iudas race,
And Caiphas rage in crueltie ſurmount?
Yet they eſteemed thirty pence his price,
I, worſe then both, for naught deny'd him thrice. Math. 26.

The mother ſea from ouerflowing deepes,
Sends forth her iſſue by diuided vaines:
Yet back her of-ſpring to their mother creepes,
To pay their pureſt ſtreames with added gaines;
But I that drunke the drops of heauenly flud,
Bemyr'd the giuer with returning mud.

Is this the harueſt of his ſowing toyle?
Did *Chriſt* manure thy hart to breed him bryers?
Or doth it neede this vnaccuſtom'd ſoyle,
VVith helliſh dung to fertile heauens deſires?
No, no, the Marle that periuries doth yield,
May ſpoyle a good, not fat a barraine field.

VVas this for best deserts the dyest meede?
Are highest worthes well wag'de with spitefull hire?
Are stoutest vowes repeal'd in greatest neede?
Should friendship at the first affront retire?
Blush crauen sott, lurke in eternall night:
Crouch in the darkest caues from loathed light.

Ah wretch, why was I nam'd sonne of a doue. Math. 16.
VVhose speeches voyded spight, and breathed gall?
No kin I am vnto the bird of loue:
My stony name much better suites my fall,
My othes were stones; my cruell tongue the sling:
My God, the mark: at which my spight did fling.

VVere all the Iewish tiranies too few,
To glut thy hungry lookes with his disgrace:
That thou more hatefull tirannies must shew:
And spit thy poyson in thy Makers face?
Didst thou to spare his foes put vp thy sword:
To brandish now thy tongue against thy Lord? Iohn, 16.

Ah tongue, that didst his prayse and Godhead sound,
How wert thou stain'd with such detesting words,
That euery word was to his hart a wound,
And launst him deeper then a thousand swords?
VVhat rage of man, yea what infernall spirite,
Could haue disgorg'd more loathsome dregs of spite?

VVhy

VVhy did the yeelding ſea like marble way
Support a wretch more wauering then the waues? Mat. 14.
VVhom doubt did plunge, why did the water ſtay,
Vnkind, in kindneſſe: murthering, while it ſaues?
O that this tongue had then been fiſhes foode, vng
And I deuour'd before this curſing moode.

Their ſurges, depths, and ſeas vnfirme by kinde, e
Rough guſts, and diſtance both from ſhip & ſhoare, e
VVere titles to excuſe my ſtaggering minde,
Stout feete might falter on that liquid floare.
But heere, no ſeas, no blaſts, no billowes were, e
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare. e

O coward troups, far better arm'd then harted, Iohn. 15. e
VVhom angry words, whō blowes could not prouoke,
VVhom thogh I taught how ſore my weapon ſmarted,
Yet none repaide me with a wounding ſtroke.
O no: that ſtroke could but one mōitie kill,
I was reſeru'd both halfes at once to ſpill. v

Ah, whether vvas forgotten loue exilde?
VVhere did the truth of pledged promiſe ſleepe?
VVhat in my thoughts begat this vgly child, e
That could through rented ſoule thus fircely creepe?
O viper, feare their death by whom thou liueſt,
All good thy ruines wreck, all euils thou giueſt, g e e

Threats threw me not, torments I none assayde:
My fray, with shades: conceits did make me yield,
VVounding my thoughts with feares: selfly dismayd,
I neyther fought nor lost, I gaue the field;
Infamous foyle: a Maidens easie breath
Did blow me downe, and blast my soule to death.

Titles I make vntruths, am I a rocke?
That with so soft a gale was ouer-throwne?
Am I fit Pastor for the faithfull flocke,
To guide their soules, that murdred thus mine owne?
A rocke of ruine, not a rest to stay,
A Pastor, not to feede, but to betray.

Fidelitie was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible brood in vertues nest:
Courage can lesse with cowardise be matched,
Prowesse nor loue lodg'd in deuided brest;
O Adams child, cast by a sillie Eue,
Heire to thy Fathers foyles, and borne to greeue.

In Thabors ioyes I eger was to dwell,
An earnest friend while pleasures light did shine,
But when ecclipsed glory prostrate fell,
These zealous heates to sleepe I did resigne;
And now, my mouth hath thrise his name defil'd,
That cry'd so loud three dwellings there to build.

VVhen

VVhen *Chriſt* attending the diſtreſſefull hower,
VVith his ſurcharged breſt did bleſſe the ground,
Proſtrate in pangs, rayning a bleeding ſhower,
Me, like my ſelfe, a drowſie friend he found;
Thriſe in his care, ſleepe cloſde my careleſſe eye,
Preſage, how him my tongue ſhould thriſe deny.

Parting from *Chriſt* my fainting force declin'd,
VVith lingring foote I followed him a looſe, Marke, 14. Luke, 22,
Baſe feare out of my hart his loue vnſhrin'd,
Huge in high words, but impotent in proofe;
My vaunts did ſeeme hatcht vnder Sampſons locks,
Yet womans words did giue me murdring knocks.

So farre luke warme deſires in craſie loue,
Farre off in neede with feeble foote they trayne:
In tydes they ſwim, low ebbes they ſcorne to proue,
They ſeeke their friends delights, but ſhun their paine.
Hire of a hireling minde is earned ſhame:
Take now thy due: beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remiſnes, vertues quartane feuer,
Pyning of loue, conſumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer,
Soules wilfull famine, ſinnes ſoft ſtealing pace,
The vndermining cuill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all be brought.

O por-

O portresse of the doore of my disgrace;
VVhose tongue, vnlockt the truth of vowed minde;
Iohn. 18. VVhose words, from cowards hart did courage chase,
And let in death-full feares my soule to blinde,
O, hadst thou been the portresse to my tombe:
VVhen thou wert portresse to that cursed roome.

Yet loue, was loath to part; feare, loath to die:
Stay, danger life, did counterplead their causes:
I fauouring stay, and life, bad danger flie:
But danger did except against these clauses.
Yet stay, and liue, I would, and danger shunne:
And lost my selfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I stayde, yet did my staying farthest part:
I liu'd; but so, that sauing life, I lost it:
Danger I shun'd, but to my sorer smart:
I gayned nought, but deeper domage crost it,
VVhat danger, distance, death is worse then this,
That runnes from God and spoiles his soule of blisse?

Iohn, 18, 16 O *Iohn* my guide into this earthly hell,
Too well acquainted in so ill a court,
VVhere rayling mouthes with blasphemies did swell,
VVith taynted breath infecting all resort.
VVhy didst thou lead me to this hell of euils:
To shew my selfe a fiend among the deuils?

Euill

Euill preſident, the tyde that vvafts to vice, c
Dumme Orator, that vvoes vvith ſilent deedes,
VVriting in vvorks leſſons of ill aduiſe, e
The doing tale that eye in practiſe reedes: a
Taſter of ioyes: to vnacquainted hunger:
VVith leauen of the olde, ſeaſoning the yonger.

It ſeemes no fault to doe that all haue done:
The number of offenders hides the ſinne:
Coach drawne vvith many horſe, doth eaſely runne.
Soone followeth one vvhere multitudes begin.
O, had I in that court much ſtronger bin;
Or not ſo ſtrong as firſt to enter in.

Sharpe was the weather in that ſtormie place, Iohn. 18.
Beſt ſuting harts benum'd with helliſh froſt, 16
VVhoſe cruſted malice could admit no grace,
VVhere coales were kindled to the warmers coſt.
VVhere feare, my thoughts canded with yſie colde:
Heate, did my tongue to periuries vnfolde.

O hatefull fire (ah that I euer ſaw it)
Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames it did require to thaw it, c
Thy hell reſembling heate did freeze it worſe,
O that I rather had congeal'd to yſe, e
Then bought thy warm'th at ſuch a damning price.

C O

In an earlier Edit. this & the following Leaf are given in pages 27, 8, 9, 30. The whole is there regularly paged

Math, 26. Mark, 14.
O wakefull bird, proclaimer of the day,
VVhoſe piercing note doth daunt the Lions rage:
Thy crowing did my ſelfe to me bewray,
My frights, and brutiſh heates it did aſwage.
But ô, in this alone vnhappie Cocke:
That thou to count my foyles wert made the clocke.

O bird, the iuſt rebuker of my crime,
The faithfull waker of my ſleeping feares:
Be now the daylie clocke to ſtrike the time,
VVhen ſtinted eyes ſhall pay their taske of teares.
Vpbraide mine eares with thine accuſing crow:
To make me rew that firſt it made me know.

O milde reuenger of aſpiring pride,
Thou canſt diſmount high thoughts to low effects:
Thou mad'ſt a Cocke me for my fault to chide,
My loftie boaſts this lowly bird corrects.
VVell might a Cocke correct me with a crow:
VVhom henniſh cackling firſt did ouer-throw.

1, Reg, 17.
VVeake weapons did Golias fumes abate,
VVhoſe ſtorming rage did thunder threats in vaine:
His body huge, harneſt with maſsie plate,
Yet Dauids ſtone brought death into his braine.
VVith ſtaffe and ſling as to a dog he came:
And with contempt did boaſting furie tame.

Yet

Yet Dauid had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skilfull might excusd Golias foyle:
The death is easd that worthy hand hath wrought,
Some honour liues in honorable spoyle;
But I on whom all infamies must light,
VVas hisd to death with words of womens spight.

Small gnats enforst th'Egiptian King to stoupe, Exod. 8.
Yet they in swarmes and arm'd with piercing stings:
Smart, noyse, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No small incombrance such small vermine brings:
I quaild at words that neither bit nor stung,
And those deliuered from a womans tung.

Ah feare, abortiue impe of drouping mind:
Selfe ouer-throw; false friend; roote of remorce:
Sighted, in seeing eüils; in shunning blind:
Foyld without field; by fancie not by force;
Ague of valour; phrensie of the wise;
True honours staine; loues frost; the mint of lies.

Can vertue, wisedome, strength by women spild
In Dauids, Salomons, and Sampsons falls, 2. Reg. 11.
VVith semblance of excuse my errour guild, 3. Reg. 11.
Or lend a marble glose to muddy walls? Iudg. 16.
O no their fault had show of some pretence,
No veyle can hide the shame of my offence,

The blaze of beauties beames allur'd their lookes,
Their lookes, by ſeeing oft, conceiued loue:
Loue, by affecting, ſwollowed pleaſures hookes:
Thus beautie, loue, and pleaſure them did moue.
Theſe Syrens ſugred tunes rockt them a ſleepe:
Enough, to damne, yet not to damne ſo deepe.

But gratious features dazeled not mine eies,
Two homely droyles were authors of my death:
Not loue, but feare, my ſences did ſurprize:
Not feare of force, but feare of womans breath.
And thoſe vnarm'd, ill grac'd deſpis'd, vnknowne:
So baſe a blaſt my truth hath ouer-throwne.

O women, woe to men: traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragicall miſchances:
Earths neceſſarie euils, captiuing thralls,
Now murdring with your tongs, now with your glances,
Parents of life, and loue: ſpoylers of both,
The theeues of harts: falſe, do you loue or loth.

In time, ô Lord, thine eyes with mine did meete,
In them I reade the ruines of my fall:
Their chearing rayes that made misfortune ſweete,
Into my guilty thoughts pourd floods of gall,
Their heauenly lookes that bleſt where they beheld,
Darts of diſdaine, and angrie checks did yeeld.

O ſacred

O ſacred eyes, the ſprings of liuing light,
The earthly heauens, where Angels ioy to dwell:
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,
Or let your heauenly beames looke on my hell?
But thoſe vnſpotted eyes encountred mine,
As ſpotleſſe Sunne doth on the dunghill ſhine.

Sweet volumes ſtoard vvith learning fit for Saints,
VVhere blisfull quires imparadize their minds,
VVherein eternall ſtudie neuer faints,
Still finding all, yet ſeeking all it finds,
How endleſſe is your laborinth of bliſſe,
VVhere to be loſt the ſweeteſt finding is?

Ah vvretch how oft haue I ſweet leſſons read,
In thoſe deare eyes the regiſters of truth?
How oft haue I my hungry vviſhes fed,
And in their happy ioyes redreſs'd my ruth?
Ah that they now are Heralds of diſdaine:
That erſt were euer pittiers of my paine.

You flames diuine that ſparkle out your heats,
And kindle pleaſing fires in mortall harts:
You nectar'd Aumbryes of ſoule feeding meates,
You gracefull quiuers of loues deereſt darts:
You did vouchſafe to vvarme, to vvound, to feaſt,
My cold, my ſtony, my now famiſh'd breaſt.

The matchles eyes, match'd onely each by other,
VVere pleaſd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:
The eye of liquid pearle, the pureſt mother,
Broch'd teares in mine to weepe for my miſchance;
The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treaſure,
And did to my miſdeed their mercies meaſure.

Theſe blazing Commets, lightning flames of loue,
Made me their warming influence to know;
My frozen hart their ſacred force did proue,
VVhich at theyr lookes did yeeld like melting ſnow,
They did not ioyes in former plentie carue,
Yet ſweet are crums where pined thoughts doe ſtarue.

O liuing mirrours, ſeeing whom you ſhew,
VVhich equall ſhadows worths with ſhadowed things:
Yea make things nobler then in natiue hew,
By being ſhap'd in thoſe life-gyuing ſprings;
Much more my image in thoſe eyes was grac'd,
Then in my ſelfe, whom ſinne and ſhame defac'd.

All-ſeeing eyes, more worth then all you ſee,
Of which one is the others onely price:
I worthleſſe am, direct your beames on mee,
VVith quickning vertue cure my killing vice.
By ſeeing things, you make things worth the ſight,
You ſeeing, ſalue, and beeing ſeene, delight.

O Pooles

O Pooles of Heſebon, the baths of grace,
VVhere happy ſpirits diue in ſweet deſires:
VVhere Saints reioyce to glaſſe theyr glorious face,
VVhoſe banks make Eccho to the Angels quires;
An Eccho ſweeter in the ſole rebound,
Then Angels muſick in the fulleſt ſound.

O eyes, whoſe glaunces are a ſilent ſpeech,
In ciphred words high miſteries diſcloſing:
VVhich with a looke all Sciences can teach,
VVhoſe textes to faithfull harts need little gloſing:
VVitneſſe vnworthy I, who in a looke,
Learn'd more by rote, then all the ſcribes by booke.

Tough malice ſtill poſſeſt theyr hardned minds,
I, though too hard, learn'd ſoftneſſe in thine eye,
VVhich yron knots of ſtubborne will vnbinds,
Offring them loue, that loue with loue will buy,
Thys did I learne, yet they could not diſcerne it,
But woe, that I had now ſuch neede to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your ſelues in light excelling,
VVhoſe preſence, day, whoſe abſence cauſeth night,
VVhoſe neighbour courſe, brings Sommer, cold expelling,
VVhoſe diſtant periods freeze away delight.
Ah, that I loſt your bright and foſtring beames,
To plunge my ſoule in theſe congealed ſtreames.

O graci-

O gracious ſpheres where loue the Center is,
A natiue place for our ſelfe-loaden ſoules:
The compaſſe, loue, a cope that none can mis:
The motion, loue that round about vs rowles:
O Spheres of loue, whoſe Center, cope, and motion,
Is loue of vs, loue that inuites deuotion.

O little worlds, the ſummes of all the beſt,
VVhere glory, heauen, God, ſonne, all vertues, ſtars;
VVhere fire a loue that next to heauen doth reſt,
Ayre, light of life, that no diſtemper marres;
The water, grace, whoſe ſeas, whoſe ſpringes, whoſe ſhowers.
Cloth natures earth with euerlaſting flowers.

VVhat mixtures theſe ſweet elements do yeeld,
Let happy worldlings of thoſe worlds expound,
But ſimples are by compounds farre exceld,
Both ſute a place, where all beſt things abound.
And if a baniſht wretch geſſe not amiſſe:
All but one compound frame of perfect bliſſe.

I, out-caſt from theſe worlds exiled rome,
Poore Saint, from heauen, from fire cold Salamander:
Loſt fiſh, from thoſe ſweet waters kindly home,
From land of life, ſtray'd pilgrim ſtill I wander.
I know the cauſe: theſe worlds had neuer hell,
In which my faults haue beſt deſeru'd to dwell.

O Bethelem

O Bethelem cesterns, *Dauids* most desire,
From which my sinnes like fierce Philistims keepe,
To fetch your drops what Champions should I hire,
That I therein my withered hart may steepe.
I would not shed them like that holy King,
His were but tipes, these are the figured thing.

2, Reg. 23

O Turtle twinns all bath'd in virgins milke,
Vpon the margin of full flowing bankes:
VVhose gracefull plume surmounts the finest silke,
VVhose sight enamoreth heauens most happy rankes,
Could I forsweare thys heauenly payre of Doues,
That cag'd in care for me were groning loues.

Can. 5. 11 12.

Twise *Moses* wand did strike the stubborne Rock
Ere stony veynes would yeeld theyr christall blood:
Thy eyes, one looke seru'd as an onely knocke,
To make my hart gush out a weeping flood.
VVherein my sinnes as fishes spawne theyr frye,
To shew theyr inward shames, and then to dye.

Exod. 17. verse 6.

But ô, how long demurre I on his eyes,
vvhose looke dyd pearce my hart with healing wound:
Launcing impostumd sore of periurd lyes,
VVhich these two issues of mine eyes hath found:
VVhere runne it must, till death the issues stop,
And penall life hath purgd the finall drop.

Like ſoleſt Swan that ſwimmes in ſilent deepe
And neuer ſings but obſequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and ſole in ſecrete weepe,
In ſuing pardon, ſpend thy periurd breath,
Attire thy ſoule in ſorrowes mourning weed,
And at thine eyes let guiltie conſcience bleed.

Still in the Limbecke of thy dolefull breſt
Theſe bitter fruits that from thy ſinnes doe grow,
For fuel, ſelfe accuſing thoughts be beſt,
Vſe feare as fire, the coales let pennance blow;
And ſeeke none other quinteſcence but teares,
That eyes may ſhed vvhat entred at thine eares.

Come ſorrowing teares, the ofspring of my griefe,
Scant not your Parent of a needfull ayde;
In you I reſt, the hope of wiſh'd reliefe,
By you my ſinfull debts muſt be defrayd:
Your power preuailes, your ſacrifice is gratefull,
By loue obtayning life to men moſt hateſull.

Come good effects of ill-deſeruing cauſe;
Ill gotten impes, yet vertuouſly brought forth:
Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes,
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth;
The ſignes of ſhame in you each eye may read,
Yet while you guilty proue, you pitty plead.

O beames

O beames of mercy beate on ſorrowes Clowde,
Poure ſuppling ſhowres vpon my parched ground:
Bring forth the fruite to your due ſeruice vowde,
Let good deſires with like deſerts be crownd.
VVater young blooming vertues tender flowêr,
Sinne did all grace of riper groth deuoure.

VVeepe Balme and Mirrhe you ſweet Arabian trees,
VVith pureſt gummes perfume and pearle your ryne:
Shed on your honny drops you buſie Bees,
I, barraine plant, muſt weepe vnpleaſant bryne,
Hornets I hyue, ſalt drops theyr labour plyes,
Suckt out of ſinne, and ſhed by ſhowring eyes.

If Dauid night by night did bath his bed,
Eſteeming longeſt dayes too ſhort to mone:
Inconſolable teares if Anna ſhed,
VVho in her ſonne her ſolace had forgone,
Then I to dayes, and weekes, to months and yeeres,
Do owe the hourely rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

If loue, if loſſe, if fault, if ſpotted fame,
If danger, death, if wrath or wreck of vveale,
Entitle eyes true heyres to earned blame,
That due remorſe in ſuch euents conceale,
Then want of teares might well enroll my name,
As chiefeſt Saint in Calender of ſhame.

Loue, where I lou'd, was due, and beſt deſeru'd,
No loue could aymẽ at more loue-worthy marke,
No loue more lou'd then mine of him I ſeru'd,
Large vſe he gaue, a flame for euery ſparke.
Thys loue I loſt, thys loſſe a lyfe muſt rue,
Yea life is ſhort to pay the ruth is due.

I loſt all that I had, and had the moſt,
The moſt that will can wiſh, or wit deuiſe:
I leaſt performd, that did moſt vainely boaſt,
I ſtaind my fame in moſt infamous wiſe.
VVhat danger then, death, wrath, or wreck can moue,
More pregnant cauſe of teares then this I proue?

Gene. 3. 7. If Adam ſought a veyle to ſcarſe his ſinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a ſcourging hand,
If men ſhall wiſh that hils ſhould wrap them in,
VVhen crymes in finall doome come to be ſcand,
VVhat mount, what caue, what center can conceale
My monſtrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

Come ſhame, the liuery of offending minde,
The vgly ſhroude that ouer-ſhadoweth blame:
The mulct, at vvhich foule faults are iuſtly finde,
The dampe of ſinne, the common ſluce of fame,
By which impoſtum'd tongues their humors purge,
Light ſhame on me, I beſt deſeru'd the ſcourge.

Caines

Caines murdering hand imbrude in brothers blood
More mercy then my impious tongue may craue: Gene,4.
He kild a riuall with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue:
But feare ſo ſpoyld my vanquiſht thoughts of loue,
That periurde oathes my ſpightfull hate did proue.

Poore Agar from her phere enforc'd to flye,
VVandring in Barſabeian wildes alone:
Doubting her child throgh helples drought would dye,
Layd it aloofe, and ſet her downe to moane.
The heauens with prayers, her lap with teares ſhee fild,
A mothers loue in loſſe is hardly ſtild.

But Agar now bequeath thy teares to me, Gene,22,
Feares, not effects, dyd ſet a-flote thyne eyes:
But vvretch I feele more then was feard of thee;
Ah not my Sonne, my ſoule it is that dyes:
It dyes for drought yet hath a ſpring in ſight,
VVorthy to dye, that would not liue and might.

Fayre Abſolons foule faults compard with mine, 2,Reg,15,
Are brighteſt ſands, to mud of Sodome Lakes;
High aymes, yong ſpirits, byrth of royall line,
Made him play falſe where Kingdoms were the ſtakes,
He gaz'd on golden hopes, whoſe luſtre winnes
Sometime the graueſt witts to greeuous ſinnes.

But I whoſe crime cuts off the leaſt excuſe,
A Kingdome loſt, but hop'd no mite of gaine,
My higheſt marke, was but the vvorthleſſe vſe,
Of ſome few lingring howres of longer paine;
Vngratefull chyld, his Parent he purſude,
I, Gyants warre with God himſelfe renude.

Ioy infant Saints, whom in the tender flower
A happy ſtorme did free from feare of ſinne,
Long is theyr life that die in bliſfull hower,
Ioyfull ſuch ends as endleſſe ioyes begin.
Too long they lyue, that liue till they be nought,
Life ſau'd by ſinne, baſe purchaſe deerely bought.

This lot was mine, your fate was not ſo fearce,
VVhom ſpotleſſe death in Cradle rockt a ſleepe,
Sweet Roſes mixt with Lillies ſtrow'd your hearce,
Death virgin white in Martirs red did ſteepe.
Your downy heads both pearles & Rubies crownd,
My hoary locks did femall feares confound.

You bleating Ewes that wayle this vvoluiſh ſpoyle,
Of ſucking Lambes new bought with bitter throwes,
T' inbalme your babes your eyes diſtill theyr oyle,
Each hart to tombe her child wide rupture ſhowes;
Rue not theyr death whom death did but reuiue:
Yeeld ruth to mee that liu'd to die aliue.

VVith

VVith eaſie loſſe ſharpe wreacks dyd he eſchew,
That Sindonles aſide did naked ſlyp,
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whom ſinne did neuer ſtryp,
I that in vaunts diſplaid prides fayreſt flags,
Diſrob'd of grace, am wrapt in Adams rags.

VVhen traytor to the ſonne, in Mothers eyes,
I ſhall preſent my humble ſute for grace,
VVhat bluſh can paint the ſhame that will ariſe,
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Might ſhe the ſorrow with the ſinner ſee,
Though I diſpiſde: my griefe might pittyed bee.

But ah, how can her eares my ſpeech endure,
Or ſent my breath ſtill reeking helliſh ſteeme?
Can Mother like what dyd the Sonne abiure,
Or hart deflowr'd a vergins loue redeeme?
The Mother nothing loues that Sonne doth loath,
Ah lothſome wretch, deteſted of them both.

O ſiſter Nymphes, the ſweet renowned payre
That bleſſe Bethania bounds with your aboade:
Shall I infect that ſanctified ayre,
Or ſtaine thoſe ſteps where *Ieſus* breath'd and trode?
No: let your prayers perfume that ſweetned place:
Turne me vvith Tygers to the vvildeſt chaſe.

Could

× And from what I find in p. 46, I conceive this, the old reading, to be the true one. But Edit. 1599 corresponds with Sir.

Iohn, 11, Could I reuiued Lazarus behold,
The thyrd of that ſweet Trinitie of Saints?
VVould not aſtoniſht dread my ſences hold?
Ah yes, my hart euen with his naming faints;
I ſeeme to ſee a meſſenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

§ Math, 17. Luke, 8, O Iohn, ô Iames, we made a triple corde
Of three moſt louing and beſt loued friends:
My rotten twiſt was broken with a word,
Fit now to fuel fire among the fiends;
It is not euer true, though often ſpoken,
That triple twiſted corde is hardly broken.

The diſpoſſeſſed deuils that out I threw
In IESVS name, now impiouſly forſworne,
Triumph to ſee mee caged in theyr mew,
Trampling my ruines with contempt and ſcorne;
My periuries were muſick to theyr daunce,
§ And now they heape diſdaines on my miſchaunce.

Our rocke (ſay they) is riuen, ô welcome howre,
Our Eagles wings are clypt that wrought ſo hie:
Our thundring Cloude made noyſe but caſt no ſhowre,
He proſtrate lyes that would haue ſcal'd the ſky;
In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
Our Cedar now is ſhrunke into a ſhrub.

Theſe

Theſe ſcornefull words vpbraid my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned prompters neighbour voice:
Such vgly gueſts ſtill wait vpon the nought,
Fiends ſwarm to ſoules that ſwarue from vertues choiſe,
For breach of plighted truth, this true I trie:
Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lie.

Once, and but once, too deere a once to twice it,
A heauen, in earth, Saints, nere my ſelfe I ſaw;
Sweet was the ſight, but ſweeter loues did ſpice it,
But ſights and loues did my miſdeed with-draw.
From heauen and Saints, to hel and deuils eſtrang'd,
Thoſe ſights to frights, thoſe loues to hates are chang'd.

Chriſt, as my God, was tempted in my thought,
As man, he lent mine eyes their deareſt light;
But ſinne, his temple hath to ruine brought:
And now, he lightneth terrour from his ſight,
Now of my lay vnconſecrate deſires,
Prophaned wretch I taſt the earned hires.

Ah ſinne, the nothing that doth all things file;
Out-caſt from heauen, earths curſe, the cauſe of hell:
Parent of death, author of our exile,
The wreck of ſoules, the wares that fiends do ſell.
That men to monſters; Angels turnes to deuils:
VVrong, of all rights; ſelfe ruine: root of euils.

A thing moſt done, yet more then God can doe,
Daily new done; yet euer done amiſſe:
Friended of all, yet vnto all a foe,
Seeming a heauen, yet baniſhing from bliſſe.
Serued with toyle, yet paying nought but paine:
Mans deepeſt loſſe, though falſe, eſteemed gaine.

Shot, without noyſe: wound without preſent ſmart:
First ſeeming light; proouing in fyne a lode,
Entring with eaſe, not eaſily wonne to part,
Far in effects from that the ſhowes abode:
Endore'd with hope, ſubſcribed with diſpaire;
Vgly in death, though life did faine it faire.

O forfeiture of heauen: eternall debt,
A moments ioy; ending in endleſſe fires:
Our natures ſcum; the worlds entangling Net:
Night of our thoughts: death of all good deſires.
VVorſe then all this: worſe then all tongues can ſay,
VVhich man could owe, but onely God defray.

This fawning viper, dum till he had wounded,
VVith many mouthes doth now vpbraid my harmes:
My ſight was vaild till I my ſelfe confounded,
Then did I ſee the diſsinchanted charmes.
Then could I cut the anotomy of ſinne,
And ſearch with Linxes eyes what lay within.

Bewitching

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying ſhapes to maske thy face,
Now know I the deciphring of thy ſleights,
A cunning, deerely bought with loſſe of grace:
Thy ſugred poyſon now hath wrought ſo well,
That thou haſt made me to my ſelfe a hell.

My eye, reades mournfull leſſons to my hart,
My hart, doth to my thought the griefes expound,
My thought, the ſame doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue, the meſſage in the eares doth ſound;
My eares, back to my hart theyr ſorrowes ſend,
Thus circkling griefes runne round without an end.

My guilty eye ſtill ſeemes to ſee my ſinne,
All things Characters are to ſpell my fall,
VVhat eye doth reade without, hart rues within,
VVhat hart doth rue, to penſiue thought is gall,
VVhich whē the thought would by the tongue diſgeſt,
The eare conuayes it backe into the breſt.

Thus gripes in all my parts doe neuer fayle,
VVhoſe onely league is now in bartring paines,
VVhat I ingroſſe, they traffique by retayle,
Making each others miſeries theyr gaines;
All bound for euer, prentices to care,
VVhile I in ſhop of ſhame trade ſorrowes ware.

Pleasd with displeasing lot I seeke no change,
I wealthiest am when richest in remorce;
To fetch my ware no seas nor lands I range,
For customers to buy I nothing force.
My home-bred goods at home are bought and sold,
And still in me the interest I hold.

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue,
In Orphan state deuoted to mishap:
Rent from the roote, that sweetest fruit did giue,
I scorn'd to graffe in stocke of meaner sap.
No iuice can ioy me but of Iesse flower,
VVhose heauenly roote hath true reuiuing power.

At sorrowes dore I knockt, they crau'd my name;
I aunswered one, vnworthy to be knowne;
VVhat one, say they? one worthiest of blame.
But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne.
A man? O no, a beast; much worse, what creature:
A rocke: how cald? the rocke of scandale, Peter.

Frō whence? from Caiphas house, ah dwell you there.
Sinnes farme I rented there, but now would leaue it:
VVhat rent? my soule; what gaine? vnrest, and feare,
Deere purchase. Ah too deere, will you receiue it?
VVhat shall we giue? fit teares, and times, to plaine me,
Come in, say they; thus griefes did entertaine me.

VVith

VVith them I reſt true priſoner to their layle,
Chain'd in the yron linkes of baſeſt thrall,
Till grace vouchſafing captiue ſoule to bayle,
In wonted See degraded loues enſtall.
Dayes, paſſe in plaints: the nights without repoſe,
I wake, to weepe, I ſleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deaths allye, obliuion of teares,
Silence of paſsions, balme of angry ſore,
Suſpence of loues, ſecuritie of feares,
VVraths lenitiue, harts eaſe, ſtormes calmeſt ſhore,
Sences and ſoules repriuall from all cumbers,
Benumming ſence of ill, with quiet ſlumbers.

Not ſuch my ſleepe, but whiſperer of dreames,
Creating ſtrange chymeraes, fayning frights:
Of day diſcourſes giuing fanſie theames,
To make dum ſhewes with worlds of antick ſights,
Caſting true griefes in fanſies forging mold,
Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

This ſleepe moſt fitly ſuteth ſorrowes bed,
Sorrow, the ſmart of euill, Sinnes eldeſt child:
Beſt, when vnkind in killing who it bred,
A racke for guiltie thoughts, a bit for wild.
The ſcourge, that whips, the ſalue that cures offence:
Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath ſence.

Heere ſolitary Muſes nurſe my griefes,
In ſilent loneneſſe burying worldly noyſe,
Attentiue to rebukes, deafe to reliefes,
Penſiue to foſter cares, careleſſe of ioyes;
Ruing lifes loſſe vnder deathes dreary roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behooſes.

A ſelfe contempt the ſhroud, my ſoule the corſe,
The beere, an humble hope, the herſe-cloth, feare;
The mourners, thoughts, in blacks of deepe remorſe:
The herſe, grace, pitty, loue, and mercy beare.
My teares, my dole, the Prieſt a zealous will:
Pennance the tombe: and doleſull ſighes the knill.

Chriſt, health of feuer'd ſoule, heauen of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurſe of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blind,
VVhom weeping winnes, repentant ſorrow moues.
Father in care, mother in tender hart,
Reuiue and ſaue me ſlaine with ſinfull dart.

If King Manaſſes ſunke in depth of ſinne,
VVith playnts and teares recouered grace and crowne:
A worthleſſe worme ſome milde regard may winne,
And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
A poore deſire I haue to mend my ill,
I ſhould, I would, I dare not ſay, I will.

I dare

I dare not ſay; I will, but wiſh I may,
My pride is checkt, high words the ſpeaker ſpilt:
My good, ô Lord, thy gift, thy ſtrength, my ſtay:
Giue what thou bidſt, and then bid what thou wilt.
VVorke with me what thou of me do'ſt requeſt:
Then will I dare the moſt, and vow the beſt.

Prone looke, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrite hart,
Deepe ſighs, thick ſobs, dew'd eyes, & proſtrate praiers,
Moſt humbly beg releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhroud in mercies ſweet repaires.
If iuſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage:
Feares, would diſpaires: ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lye,
Crauing the reſſues crums of childrens plate:
My ſores, I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags, beare witnes of my poore eſtate:
The wormes of conſcience that within me ſwarme:
Proue that my plaints are leſſe then is my harme.

VVith mildnes, *Ieſu*, meaſure my offence:
Let true remorſe thy due reuenge abate:
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe:
Let pitty temper thy deſerued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall:
VVith feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

Heere ſolitary Muſes nurſe my griefes,
In ſilent loneneſſe burying worldly noyſe,
Attentiue to rebukes, deafe to reliefes,
Penſiue to foſter cares, careleſſe of ioyes;
Ruing lifes loſſe vnder deathes dreary roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behooſes.

A ſelfe contempt the ſhroud, my ſoule the corſe,
The beere, an humble hope, the herſe-cloth, feare;
The mourners, thoughts, in blacks of deepe remorſe:
The herſe, grace, pitty, loue, and mercy beare.
My teares, my dole, the Prieſt a zealous will:
Pennance the tombe: and dolefull ſighes the knill.

Chriſt, health of feuer'd ſoule, heauen of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurſe of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blind,
VVhom weeping winnes, repentant ſorrow moues.
Father in care, mother in tender hart,
Reuiue and ſaue me ſlaine with ſinfull dart.

If King Manaſſes ſunke in depth of ſinne,
VVith playnts and teares recouered grace and crowne:
A worthleſſe worme ſome milde regard may winne,
And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
A poore deſire I haue to mend my ill,
I ſhould, I would, I dare not ſay, I will.

I dare

I dare not ſay; I will, but wiſh I may,
My pride is checkt, high words the ſpeaker ſpilt:
My good, ô Lord, thy gift, thy ſtrength, my ſtay:
Giue what thou bidſt, and then bid what thou wilt.
VVorke with me what thou of me do'ſt requeſt:
Then will I dare the moſt, and vow the beſt.

Prone looke, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrite hart,
Deepe ſighs, thick ſobs, dew'd eyes, & proſtrate praiers,
Moſt humbly beg releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhroud in mercies ſweet repaires.
If iuſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage:
Feares, would diſpaires: ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lye,
Crauing the reffues crums of childrens plate:
My ſores, I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags, beare witnes of my poore eſtate:
The wormes of conſcience that within me ſwarme:
Proue that my plaints are leſſe then is my harme.

VVith mildnes, *Ieſu*, meaſure my offence:
Let true remorſe thy due reuenge abate:
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe:
Let pitty temper thy deſerued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall:
VVith feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

Re-

Redeeme my lapſe with raunſome of thy loue,
Trauerſe th'inditement, rigors doome ſuſpend:
Let frailty fauour, ſorrowes ſuccour moue,
Be thou thy ſelfe, though changling I offend.
Tender my ſute, clenſe this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts, ſweet *Ieſu*, ſay Amen.

The end of Saint Peters complaint

Mary

MARIE MAGDALENS BLVSH.

THE ſignes of ſhame that ſtaine my bluſhing face,
Riſe from the feeling of my rauing fits,
VVhoſe ioy annoy, whoſe guerdon is diſgrace:
VVhoſe ſolace flyes, whoſe ſorrow neuer flits:
Bad ſeede I ſovv'd, vvorſe fruite is now my gaine,
Soone dying mirth begat long liuing paine.

Now pleaſure ebbes, reuenge beginnes to flow,
One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:
Remorſe doth teach my guiltie thoughts to know
How cheape I ſould, that Chriſt ſo deerely bought.
Faults long vnfelt doth conſcience now bewray,
VVhich cares muſt cure, and teares muſt waſh away.

All ghoſtly dynts that grace at mee did dart
Like ſtubborne rocke I forced to recoyle;
To other flights an ayme I made my hart, (foyle.
vvhoſe wounds then welcome, now haue wrought my
VVoe worth the bow, woe worth the Archers might,
That draue ſuch arrowes to the marke ſo right.

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death:
One, to thys world: one, to the world to come:
VVounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath:
But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull dome.
And for a world whoſe pleaſures paſſe away,
I loſe a world, whoſe ioyes are paſt decay.

O ſence, ô ſoule, ô had, ô hoped bliſſe,
You wooe, you weane, you draw, you driue me back.
Your croſſe encountring, like their combate is,
That neuer end but with ſome deadly wrack.
VVhen ſence doth win, the ſoule doth looſe the fielde,
And preſent haps make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen lament, ſence robbeth thee of Saints,
Lament ô ſoules, ſence ſpoyleth you of grace.
Yet ſence doth ſcarce deſerue theſe hard complaints,
Loue is the thiefe, ſence but the entring place.
Yet graunt I muſt, ſence is not free from ſinne,
For theefe he is that theefe admitteth in.

Marie

Marie Magdalens complaint at Christes death.

Sith my life from life is parted:
Death come take thy portion,
VVho ſuruiues, when life is murdred,
Liues by meere extortion.
All that liue, and not in God,
Couch theyr life in deaths abod.

Seely ſtarres muſt needes leaue ſhining,
VVhen the ſunne is ſhaddowed.
Borrowed ſtreames refraine theyr running,
VVhen head ſprings are hindered.
One that liues by others breath,
Dyeth alſo by his death.

O true life, ſince thou haſt left me,
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all moſt odious.
Turne againe, or take me to thee,
Let me dye, or liue thou in mee.

VVhere the truth once was and is not,
Shaddowes are but vanitie:
Shewing want, that help they cannot,
Signes, not ſalues of miſerie.
Painted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying lyfe each death exceeds.

VVith my loue, my life was neſtled
In the ſomme of happineſſe;
From my loue, my life is wreſted
To a world of heauineſſe.
O, let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.

O my ſoule, what did vnlooſe thee
From thy ſweet captiuitie?
God, not I, did ſtill poſſeſſe thee:
His, not mine thy libertie.
O, too happy thrall thou wart,
VVhen thy priſon was his hart.

Spightfull ſpeare, that break'ſt this priſon,
Seate of all felicitie,
VVorking this, with double treaſon,
Loues and liues deliuerie:
Though my life thou drau'ſt away,
Maugre thee my loue ſhall ſtay.

Times goe by turnes.

THE lopped tree in time may grow againe,
Moſt naked plants renew both fruite and flower:
The ſorrieſt wight may find releaſe of paine,
The dryeſt ſoyle ſucke in ſome moyſtning ſhower.
Times goe by turnes, and chaunces change by courſe,
From foule to faire: from better hap to worſe.

The ſea of Fortune dooth not euer flow,
Shee drawes her fauours to the loweſt ebbe:
Her tydes hath equall times to come and goe,
Her Loome doth weaue the fine and courſeſt webbe.
No ioy ſo great, but runneth to an end:
No hap ſo hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwayes fall of leafe, nor euer ſpring,
No endles night, yet not eternall day:
The ſaddeſt Birds a ſeaſon find to ſing,
The rougheſt ſtorme a calme may ſoone alay.
Thus with ſucceeding turnes God tempereth all:
That man may hope to riſe, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may winne that by miſchaunce was loſt,
The net that holds no great, takes little fiſh;
In ſome things all, in all things none are croſt,
Fewe all they neede: but none haue all they wiſh,
Vnmedled ioyes heere to no man befall,
VVho leaſt, hath ſome, who moſt, hath neuer all.

Looke home.

REtyred thoughts enioy their owne delights,
As beauty doth in ſelfe-beholding eye:
Mans minde a mirrour is of heauenly ſights,
A briefe wherein all meruailes ſummed lye:
Of fayreſt formes, and ſweeteſt ſhapes the ſtore,
Moſt graceſull all, yet thought may grace them more.

The minde a creature is, yet can create,
To natures patterns adding higher skill:
Of fineſt works wit better could the ſtate,
If force of wit had equall power of will.
Deuiſe of man in working hath no end,
VVhat thought can think, another thought can mend.

Mans ſoule, of endleſſe beauties image is,
Drawne by the worke of endleſſe skill and might;
This skilfull might gaue many ſparkes of bliſſe,
And to diſcerne thys bliſſe a natiue light,
To frame Gods image as his worthes requird,
His might, his skill, his word, and will conſpird.

All that he had, his Image ſhould preſent,
All that it ſhould preſent he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word.
Let thys ſuffize, by thys conceiue the reſt,
He ſhould, he could, he would, he dyd the beſt.

Fortunes falſhood.

IN worldly merriments lurketh much miſerie,
Slie fortunes ſubtilties in baytes of happineſſe,
Shrowd hookes, that ſwallowed, without recouerie
Murder the innocent with mortall heauineſſe.

Shee ſootheth appetites with pleaſing vanities,
Till they be conquered with cloaked tyrannie,
Than, changing countenaunce, with open enmities
She triumphs ouer them, ſcorning theyr ſlauerie.

VVith fawning flattery Deaths doore ſhee openeth,
Alluring paſſengers to bloodie deſtenie:
In offers bountifull, in proofe ſhee beggereth;
Mens ruins regiſtring her falſe felicitie.

Her hopes are faſtened in bliſſe that vaniſheth,
Her ſmart inherited with ſure poſſeſsion,
Conſtant in crueltie, ſhee neuer altereth,
But from one violence, to more oppreſsion.

To thoſe that follow her, fauours are meaſured
As eaſie premiſſes to hard concluſions;
VVith bitter corroſiues her ioyes are ſeaſoned;
Her higheſt benefits are but illuſions.

Her

Her way's, a Labyrinth of wandring paſſages:
Fooles common pilgrimage, to curſed deieties:
VVhoſe fond deuotion and idle menages,
Are wagde with wearineſſe in fruitleſſe drudgeries.

Blinde in her fauorites fooliſh election,
Chaunce is her arbiter in giuing dignitie:
Her choyſe of viſions, ſhewes moſt diſcretion,
Sith welth the vertuous might wreſt from pietie.

To humble ſuppliants, tyrant moſt obſtinate:
Shee ſuters aunſwereth with contrarieties:
Proud with petition, vntaught to mittigate
Rigour with clemencie in hardeſt cruelties.

Like Tygre fugitiue from the ambitious,
Like weeping Crocodile to ſcornefull enemies,
Suing for amitie where ſhee is odious,
But to her followers forſwearing curteſies.

No winde ſo changeable, no ſea ſo wauering,
As giddy Fortune in reeling varieties;
Now mad, now mercifull, now fierce, now fauoring:
In all things mutable, but mutabilities.

Scorne

Scorne not the leaſt.

WHere wards are weake,& foes encountring ſtrong,
VVhere mightier doe aſſault then doe defend,
The feebler part puts vp enforced wrong,
And ſilent ſees, that ſpeech could not amend:
Yet higher powers muſt thinke, though they repine,
VVhen ſunne is ſet, the little ſtarres will ſhine.

VVhile Pike doth range, the ſilly Tench doth flie,
And crouch in priuie creekes, with ſmaller fiſh:
Yet Pikes are caught when little fiſh goe by,
Theſe fleete a flote, while thoſe doe fill the diſh;
There is a time euen for the wormes to creepe,
And ſucke the dew while all their foes doe ſleepe.

The Marline cannot euer ſoare on high,
Nor greedy Grey-hound ſtill purſue the chaſe,
The tender Larke will finde a time to flie,
And fearefull Hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on Cedars did beſtow,
Gaue alſo lowly Muſh-rumpts leaue to grow.

In Hamans pompe poore Mardocheus wept,
Yet God dyd turne his fate vpon his foe.
The Lazar pinde, while Diues feaſt was kept,
Yet he to heauen: to hell dyd Diues goe.
VVee trample graſſe, and prize the flowers of May:
Yet graſſe is greene, when flowers doe fade away.

The natiuitie of Christ.

BEholde the Father, is his daughters ſonne:
The bird that built the neſt, is hatch'd therein:
The old of yeeres, an howre hath not out-runne:
Eternall life to liue doth now beginne.
The word is dum, the mirth of heauen doth weepe,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creepe.

O dying ſoules, behold your liuing ſpring:
O dazeled eyes, behold your Sonne of grace;
Dull eares, attend what word thys word doth bring,
Vp heauie harts, with ioy your ioye embrace.
From death, from darke, from deafeneſſe, from diſpaires,
Thys life, this light, this word, this ioy repaires.

Gift better then himſelfe God doth not know:
Gift better then his God no man can ſee;
Thys gyft doth heere the giuer giuen beſtow,
Gift to thys gift let each receiuer be.
God is my gyft, himſelfe he freely gaue mee,
Gods gift am I, and none but God ſhall haue mee.

Man altered was by ſinne from man to beaſt,
Beaſts foode is haye, haye is all mortall fleſh,
Now God is fleſh, and lyes in Manger preſt,
As haye, the bruteſt ſinner to refreſh:
O happy fielde wherein thys fodder grew,
VVhoſe taſt, doth vs from beaſts to men renew.

Till

CHRISTS CHILD-HOODE.

TIll twelue yeeres age, howe Chriſt his child-hood
All earthly penns vnworthy were to write, (ſpent
Such acts to mortall eyes he did preſent,
VVhoſe worth, not men, but Angels muſt recite.
No natures blots, no childiſh faults defilde,
VVhere grace was guide, and God did play the child.

In ſpringing locks, lay couched hoarie wit,
In ſemblance young, a graue and auncient port,
In lowly lookes, high maieſtie did ſit:
In tender tongue, ſound ſence of ſageſt ſort,
Nature imparted all that ſhee could teach,
And God ſupplyed, where nature could not reach.

His mirth, of modeſt meane a mirrour was,
His ſadneſſe, tempered with a milde aſpect;
His eye to try each action was a glas,
VVhoſe lookes, did good approue, and bad correct.
His natures gifts, his grace, his word and deed,
VVell ſhewed that all did from a God proceede.

A Child my choyse.

LEt folly praise that fancie loues, I praise and loue that child,
Whose hart no thought, whose tong no word, whose hand no deed de-
I prayse him most, I loue him best, all praise and loue is his; (filed.
While him I loue, in him I liue, and cannot liue amisse.

Loues sweetest marke, lawdes highest theme, mans most desired light,
To loue him, life: to leaue him, death: to liue in him, delight.
Hee mine by gift, I his by debt, thus each to others due,
First friend hee was, best friend hee is, all times will try him true.

Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong, though man, yet God he
As wise, he knowes, as strong he can, as God, he loues to blisse. (is,
His knowledge rules, his strength defends, his loue doth cherrish all,
His birth our ioy, his life our light, his death our end of thrall.

Alas, hee weepes, hee sighes, hee pants, yet doe his Angels sing:
Out of his teares, his sighes and throbs, doth bud a ioyfull spring.
Almightie babe, whose tender armes can force all foes to flie,
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct mee when I die.

Content

Content and rich.

I Dwell in graces Court,
Enrich'd with vertues rights:
Fayth guides my wit, loue leades my will,
Hope, all my minde delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To pleaſures higheſt pitch:
My ſeely ſhrowde true honour brings,
My poore eſtate is rich.

My conſcience is my crowne,
Contented thoughts, my reſt,
My hart is happy in it ſelfe:
My bliſſe is in my breſt.

Enough, I reckon welth,
A meane, the ſureſt lot,
That lyes too high for baſe contempt,
Too low, for enuies ſhot.

My wiſhes are but few,
All eaſie to fulfill:
I make the limites of my power,
The bounds vnto my will.

I haue no hopes but one,
VVhich is of heauenly raigne,
Effects attaind, or not desir'd,
All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
VVel-dooing is my welth,
My minde to me an Empire is
VVhile grace affordeth health.

I clyp high-clyming thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride,
Their fall is worst that from the hight,
Of greatest honour slide.

Sith sayles of largest size
The storme doth soonest teare,
I beare so low and small a sayle
As freeth me from feare.

I wrastle not with rage
VVhile furies flame doth burne,
It is in vaine to stop the streame
Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turne a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proofe,
A tempered calme I finde
To be moſt ſolace to it ſelfe,
Beſt cure for angry mind.

Spare dyet is my fare,
My clothes more fit then fine,
I know I feede and cloth a foe
That pamp'red, would repine.

I enuie not theyr hap
VVhom fauour doth aduaunce;
I take no pleaſure in theyr paine
That haue leſſe happy chance.

To riſe by others fall,
I deeme a looſing gaine:
All ſtates with others ruines built,
To ruine runne a-maine.

No change of Fortunes calmes
Can caſt my comforts downe,
VVhen Fortune ſmiles, I ſmile to think
How quickly ſhee will frowne.

And when in froward moode
Shee proues an angry foe,
Small gaine I found to let her come,
Leſſe loſſe to let her goe.

Losse in delayes.

SHun delayes, they breede remorse,
Take thy time while time doth serue thee,
Creeping Snayles haue weakest force,
Flie theyr fault least thou repent thee,
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoyse vp saile while gale doth last;
Tide and wind stay no mans pleasure:
Seeke not time, when time is past,
Sober speede is wisedomes leysure:
After wits are deerely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
Take thou hold vpon his fore-head,
VVhen he flyes, he turnes no more,
And behind his scalpe is naked,
VVorkes aiournd haue many stayes,
Long demurres breede new delayes.

Seeke thy ſalue while ſore is greene,
Feſtred wounds aske deeper launcing;
After cures are ſeldome ſeene,
Often ſought ſcarce euer chauncing,
Time and place giue beſt aduiſe,
Out of ſeaſon, out of price.

Cruſh the Serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges ere they be hatched,
Kill bad Chickins in the tread,
Fligge, they hardly can be catched.
In the ryſing, ſtifle ill,
Leaſt it grow againſt thy will.

Drops doe pierce the ſtubborne flint,
Not by force but often falling,
Cuſtome kils with feeble dint,
More by vſe then ſtrength preuailing.
Single ſands haue little waight,
Many make a drowning fraight.

Tender twigs are bent with eaſe,
Aged trees doe breake with bending,
Young deſires make little preaſe,
Growth doth make them paſt amending.
Happy man that ſoone doth knock,
Bable babes againſt the rocke.

Loues ſeruile Lot.

LOue, miſtris is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they ſerue,
They reckon leaſt how little loue
Their ſeruice doth deſerue.

The will ſhe robbeth from the wit,
The ſence from reaſons lore,
Shee is delightfull in the rine,
Corrupted in the core;

Shee ſhroudeth vice in vertues vaile,
Pretending good in ill,
She offereth ioy, affordeth griefe,
A kiſſe where ſhe doth kill.

A honney ſhower raines from her lips,
Sweet lights ſhine in her face,
Shee hath the bluſh of virgine mind,
The mind of Vipers race.

She makes thee ſeeke, yet feare to find,
To find, but not enioy;
In many frownes ſome gliding ſmiles,
She yields to more anoy.

She wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth ſhe draw it from thee,
Farre off ſhe makes thy hart to frie,
And yet to freeze within thee.

She letteth fall ſome luring baits
For fooles to gather vp:
Too ſweet, too ſowre to euery taſt
She tempereth her cup.

Soft ſoules ſhe bindes in tender twiſt,
Small Flyes in ſpinners webbe,
She ſets a floote ſome luring ſtreames,
But makes them ſoone to ebbe.

Her watry eyes haue burning force:
Her floods and flames conſpire.
Teares kindle ſparks, ſobs fuell are:
And ſighs doe blow her fire.

May neuer was the Month of loue,
For May is full of flowers,
But rather Aprill wet by kind,
For loue is full of ſhowers.

Like tyrant cruell wounds ſhe giues,
Like Surgeon ſalue ſhe lends,
But ſalue and ſore haue equall force,
For death is both their ends.

VVith ſoothing words, inthralled ſoules:
Shee chaines in ſeruile bands,
Her eye in ſilence hath a ſpeach,
VVhich eye beſt vnderſtands.

Her little ſweet hath many ſowres,
Short hap immortall harmes,
Her louing lookes, are murdring darts,
Her ſongs bewitching charmes.

Like winter roſe, and ſommer Iſe
Her ioyes are ſtill vntimely,
Before her hope, behind remorſe,
Faire firſt, in fine vnſeemely.

Moodes paſsions, fancies iealous fits,
Attend vpon her traine;
Shee yieldeth reſt without repoſe,
A heau'n in helliſh paine.

Her houſe is ſlouth, her doore deceite,
And ſlipperie hope her ſtaires,
Vnbaſhfull boldnes bids her gueſts,
And euery vice repaires.

Her dyet is of ſuch delight,
As pleaſe till they be paſt,
But then the poyſon kils the hart,
That did entiſe the taſt.

Her

Her ſleepe in ſinne, doth end in wrath,
Remorſe rings her awake,
Death cals her vp, ſhame driues her out,
Diſpaires her vp-ſhot make.

Plowe not the Seas, ſowe not the ſands,
Leaue off your idle paine,
Seeke other miſtres for your minds,
Loues ſeruice is in vaine.

LIFE IS BVT LOSSE.

BY force I liue, in will I wiſh to dye,
In plaint I paſſe the length of lingring dayes,
Free would my ſoule from mortall body flye,
And tread the tracke, of deaths deſired wayes;
Life is but loſſe, where death is deemed gaine,
And loathed pleaſures breede diſpleaſing paine.

VVho would not dye to kill all murdering greeues,
Or who would liue in neuer dying feares?
VVho would not wiſh his treaſure ſafe from theeues,
And quit his hart from pangues, his eyes from teares?
Death parteth but two, euer fighting foes,
VVhoſe ciuill ſtrife, doth worke our endleſſe woes.

Life is a wandring course to doubtfull rest,
As oft a cursed ryse to damning leape;
As happie race to winne a heauenly crest,
None being sure, what finall fruites to reape.
And who can like, in such a life to dwell,
VVhose wayes are straite to heau'n, but wide to hell.

Come cruell death why lingrest thou so long,
VVhat doth withhold thy dint from fatall stroke?
Now prest I am alas thou doest me wrong,
To let me liue more anger to prouoke:
Thy right is had, when thou hast stopt my breath,
VVhy should'st thou stay, to work my double death?

If Saules attempt in falling on his blade,
As lawfull were, as ethe to put in vre:
If Sampsons leaue, a common law were made,
Of Abels lot if all that would were sure.
Then cruell death thou should'st the tyrant play,
VVith none but such as wished for delay.

VVhere life is lou'd, thou ready art to kill,
And to abridge with sodaine pangues their ioy,
VVhere life is loath'd thou wilt not work their will,
But dost adiourne their death to their annoy,
To some thou art a fierce vnbidden guest,
But those that craue thy helpe thou helpest least.

Auant ô viper, I thy spight defie,
There is a God that ouer-rules thy force,
VVho can thy weapons to his will apply,
And shorten or prolong our brittle course:
I on his mercy, not thy might relye,
To him I liue, for him I hope to dye.

If DIE A-LIVE.

O Life what lets thee from a quick deceaſe?
O death what drawes thee from a preſent pray?
My feaſt is done, my ſoule would be at eaſe,
My grace is ſaid, ô death come take away.

I liue, but ſuch a life as euer dies,
I die but ſuch a death, as neuer ends,
My death to end my dying life denies,
And life my liuing death no whit amends.

Thus ſtill I dye, yet ſtill I doe reuiue,
My liuing death by dying life is fed:
Grace more then nature keepes my hart aliue,
VVhoſe idle hopes and vaine deſires are dead.

Not where I breath, but where I loue I liue,
Not where I loue, but where I am I dye:
The life I wiſh, muſt future glory giue,
The deaths I feele, in preſent dangers lye.

VVhat

What ioy to liue.

I VVage no warre, yet peace I none enioy,
I hope, I feare, I fry in freezing cold,
I mount in mirth ſtill proſtrate in annoy,
I all the world embrace, yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want where chiefeſt wiſhes faile,
Yea life is loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

For that I loue, I long, but that I lack,
That others loue I loath, and that I haue:
All worldly fraights to me are deadly wrack,
Men, preſent hap, I future hopes doe craue.
They louing where they liue, long life require,
To liue where beſt I loue, death I deſire.

Heere loue is lent for loane of filthy gaine,
Moſt friends befriend thēſelues with friendſhips ſhew
Heere, plenty perrill, want doth breede diſdaine,
Cares common are, ioyes faulty, ſhort and few.
Heere honour enuide, meanes is deſpis'd,
Sinne deemed ſolace, vertue little pris'd.

Heere beauty is a baite that ſwollowed choakes,
A treaſure ſought ſtill to the owners harmes:
A light that eyes to murdring ſighs prouokes,
A grace that ſoules enchant with mortall charmes:
A luring ayme to Cupids fierie flights,
A baleſull bliſſe that damnes where it delights.

O who would liue, ſo many deaths to try,
VVhere will doth wiſh that wiſedom doth reproue?
VVhere nature craues that grace muſt needs denie,
VVhere ſence doth like, that reaſon cannot loue,
VVhere beſt in ſhew, in finall proofe is worſt,
VVhere pleaſures vp-ſhot is to die accurſt.

Lifes death Loues life.

WHo liues in loue, loues leaſt to liue,
And long delayes doth rue,
If him he loue by whom he liues,
To whom all loue is due.

VVho for our loue did chooſe to liue,
And was content to die:
VVho lou'd our loue more then his life,
And loue with life did buy.

Let vs in life, yea with our life
Requite his liuing loue,
For beſt we liue when leaſt we liue,
If loue our life remoue.

VVhere loue is hote, life hatefull is,
Theyr grounds doe not agree,
Loue where it loues, life where it liues,
Deſireth moſt to be.

And ſith loue is not where it liues,
Nor liueth where it loues,
Loue hateth life, that holds it backe,
And death it beſt approues,

For ſeldome is he wonne in life,
VVhom loue doth moſt deſire,
If wonne by loue yet not inioyde,
Till mortall life expire.

Life out of earth, hath not aboad,
In earth loue hath no place,
Loue ſetled hath her ioyes in heu'n,
In earth life all her grace.

Mourne therfore no true louers death,
Life onely him annoyes,
And when he taketh leaue of life,
Then loue beginnes his ioyes.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

FAire ſoule, how long ſhall veyles thy graces ſhroud?
How long ſhall this exile with-hold thy right,
VVhen will thy ſunne diſperſe this mortall cloud,
And giue thy glories ſcope to blaze their light?
O that a ſtarre more fit for Angels eyes,
Should pyne in earth, not ſhine aboue the skyes.

Thy ghoſtly beauty offred force to God,
It cheyn'd him in the linkes of tender loue,
It wonne his will with man to make abode:
It ſtayd his ſword, and did his wrath remoue:
It made the rigor of his iuſtice yeeld,
And crowned mercie Empreſſe of the field.

Thys lull'd our heauenly Sampſon faſt a ſleepe,
And layd him in our feeble natures lap;
Thys made him vnder mortall loade to creepe,
And in our fleſh his god-head to enwrap:
This made him ſoiourne with vs in exile,
And not diſdaine our tytles in his ſtile.

Thys brought him from the rankes of heau'nly quires,
Into thys vale of teares, and curſed ſoyle;
From flowers of grace, into a vvorld of bryers,
From life to death, from bliſſe to baleſull toyle.
This made him wander in our Pilgrim weede,
And taſte our torments, to relieue our neede.

O ſoule, doe not thy noble thoughts abaſe,
To loſe thy loue in any mortall wight,
Content thine eye at home with natiue grace,
Sith God himſelfe is rauiſht with thy ſight.
If on thy beautie God enamored bee,
Baſe is my loue of any leſſe then hee.

Giue not aſſent to muddy minded skill,
That deemes the feature of a pleaſing face,
To be the ſweeteſt baite to lure the will,
Not valuing right the worth of ghoſtly grace:
Let Gods and Angels cenſure winne beliefe,
That of all beauties iudge our ſoules the chiefe.

Queene Heaſter was of rare and peereleſſe hew,
And Iudeth once for beautie bare the vaunt,
But hee that could our ſoules endowments view,
would ſoone to ſoules the Crowne of beautie graunt,
O ſoule out of thy ſelfe ſeeke God alone:
Grace more then thine, but Gods, the world hath none.

Lewd

Lewd Loue is Loſſe.

MIſdeeming eye that ſtoopeſt to the lure,
Of mortall worths not worth ſo worthy loue,
All beauties baſe, all graces are impure:
That doe thy erring thought from God remoue.
Sparkes to the fire, the beames yeeld to the ſunne,
All grace to God from whom all graces runne.

If picture moue, more ſhould the patterne pleaſe,
No ſhaddow can, with ſhaddowed things compare,
And fayreſt ſhapes whereon our loues doe ſeaze,
But ſilly ſignes of Gods high beauties are.
Goe ſteruing ſence, feede thou on earthly maſt,
True loue in Heau'n, ſeeke thou thy ſweet repaſt.

Gleane not in barren ſoyle theſe offall eares,
Sith reape thou maiſt whole haruеſts of delight.
Baſe ioyes with griefes, bad hopes doe end in feares,
Lewd loue with loſſe, euill peace with deadly fight:
Gods loue alone doth end with endleſſe eaſe,
VVhoſe ioyes in hope, whoſe hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring traine of fanſies trap,
Or gracious features proofes of natures skill,
Lull reaſons force a ſleepe in errors lap,
Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will,
The fayreſt flowers, haue not the ſweeteſt ſmell,
A ſeeming heauen, proues oft a damning hell.

Selfe-pleaſing ſoules that play with beauties bayte,
In ſhyning ſhroud may ſwallow fatall hooke,
VVhere eager ſight, or ſemblant faire doth waite,
A locke it proues that firſt was but a looke;
The fiſh with eaſe into the Net doth glide,
But to get out the way is not ſo wide.

So long the flie doth dallie with the flame,
Vntill his ſinged wings doe force his fall,
So long the eye doth follow fancies game,
Till loue hath left the hart in heauie thrall;
Soone may the minde be caſt in Cupids Iayle,
But hard it is impriſoned thoughts to bayle.

O loath that loue, whoſe finall ayme is luſt,
Moth of the minde, eclypſe of reaſons light,
The graue of grace, the mole of natures ruſt,
The wrack of wit, the wrong of euery right;
In ſumme, an euill whoſe harmes no tongue can tell,
In which to liue is death, to dye is hell.

Loues

VAine loues auaunt infamous is your pleaſure,
Your ioy deceit,
Your iewels ieſts,& worthleſſe traſh your treaſure
Fooles common bait.
Your pallace is a priſon that allureth
To ſweet miſhap, and reſt that paine procureth.

Your garden griefe, hedg'd in with thornes of enuie,
And ſtakes of ſtrife:
Your Allyes errour, graueled with iealouſie,
And cares of life.
Your banks are ſeates enwrapt with ſhades of ſadnes,
Your Arbours breede rough fitts of raging madnes.

Your beds are ſowne with ſeedes of all iniquitie,
And poyſ'ning weedes:
VVhoſe ſtalks euill thoughts, whoſe leaues words full of vanitie,
VVhoſe fruite miſdeedes.
VVhoſe ſap is ſinne, whoſe force and operation,
To baniſh grace, and worke the ſoules damnation.

Your trees are diſmall plants of pyning corroſiues,
VVhoſe roote is ruth.
VVhoſe bark is bale, whoſe timber ſtubborne fantaſies:
VVhoſe pyth vntruth.
On which in liew of birds whoſe voyce delighteth:
Of guilty conſcience ſcreching note affrighteth.

Your cooleſt ſommer gales are ſcalding ſighings,
Your ſhowers are teares,
Your ſweeteſt ſmell the ſtench of ſinfull liuing,
Your fauoures feares
Your gardener ſathan, all you reape is miſerie:
Your gaine remorſe and loſſe of all felicitie.

From

FROM FORTVNES REACH.

LEt fickle fortune runne her blindeſt raſe:
I ſetled haue an vnremoued mind:
I ſcorne to be the game of fanſies chaſe,
Or vane to ſhew the change of euery wind,
Light giddy humors ſtinted to no reſt,
Still change their choyce, yet neuer choſe the beſt.

My choyſe was guided by fore-ſightfull heede,
It was auerred with approuing will,
It ſhall be followed with performing deede:
And ſeal'd with vow, till death the chooſer kill,
Yea death though finall date of vaine deſires,
Ends not my choyſe, which with no time expires.

To beauties fading bliſſe I am no thrall:
I burie not my thoughts in mettall Mynes,
I aime not at ſuch fame, as feareth fall,
I ſeeke and find a light that euer ſhynes:
VVhoſe glorious beames diſplay ſuch heauenly ſights,
As yield my ſoule a ſumme of all delights.

My light to loue, my loue to lyfe doth guide
To life that liues by loue, and loueth light:
By loue to one, to whom all loues are tyde
By deweſt debt, and neuer equall right,
Eyes light, harts loue, ſoules trueſt life he is,
Conſorting in three ioyes, one perfect bliſſe.

FINIS.